

Home Magazine

DEVOTED TO DAVID.

By Kate M. Cleary.

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THE first act of the play was over when Clifford Taylor came down the aisle of the crowded theatre and took his seat. He listened dreamily to the music, thankful that his wheat deal had finally been satisfactorily consummated.

Suddenly he sat straight up in his chair—rigid, alert. Indifference had vanished. He was gripping the arms of his chair. He was hearing a voice—the one voice in the world that could make his heart beat faster.

"Yes, papa wants me to give him up. But I can't. These two girls in the seat in front of me—girls, graceful, tailor-made, exquisitely groomed—why had he not noticed them at once? Why, at least, had he not noticed Miss Darrow?"

"Well," returned the other, the faintest touch of scorn in her voice, "I knew you cared a lot for him. But I didn't think you cared enough to give up a European trip for him. Of course I remember when he saved your life. But I can't fancy you being so devoted to David!"

The girl addressed turned to the other until he could see her profile—the pretty, pure, aristocratic face that had come between him and his business contracts many a time of late.

"Can't you? Well, perhaps not. You see, you don't know David as I know him."

"No," laughed the other, "I dare say that is true. I'm not a favorite of his. Indeed, I may say he treats me with distinct superciliousness. Hush! There goes the curtain!"

The gay gossiping ceased. Clifford Taylor stood up, took his hat from the rack and passed out. He was alone. Oblivious of the sourette's opening lines, several turned to look at him. He went blindly across the foyer—through the deserted rotunda, into the street—toward his club. One or two men spoke to him. To his own astonishment he answered them rationally—even humorously. How could he converse on subjects of popular moment when he was going to find David?

But when he did find him he said never a word of that which was in his heart. Instead he clasped with the old cordiality the hand of him whom he had considered his best friend.

"You're looking badly, Cliff. What's wrong?"

"Am I?" He laughed mirthlessly. "Nothing wrong. I bet what my grandmother used to call 'a turn.' I believe that's all."

"Be enough." He was past youth—David Anslie.

He had a square jaw and a dogged look about his brows. "Is it anything in which I can help you?"

"You?" He measured him with his glance and laughed again. "Not you!"

He pushed past him and was gone. David looked after him with eyes of kind perplexity.

"What's got into the fellow? He engineered that deal in stocks all right. I read the ticker an hour ago. Well, he'll explain to-night!"

But when the two met in their attractive bachelor apartments, young Taylor offered no explanation. Instead he roved around the handsome rooms like an untrusting spirit. He regarded his companion furtively.

"Are you going out to-night?" he asked.

"Yes. I am to take Miss Darrow to the closing of the Hathaway Club. Are you not going? You have a card?"

"Yes. But I'm not going."

He stood looking with unseeing eyes at the fire in the brass grate. He was thinking of many things—how good the older man had been to him since he came to the city a callow fledgling. He had shown him how to try his wings. He had kept those pinions out of the mire of youthful indiscretion. It was he—yes, he—who had introduced him to the Darrows. But never a thought of David as his rival had crossed the mind of Clifford Taylor until this very day.

What accused fate had led him into that very playhouse, into that very aisle, into that special seat? Was it an accused fate after all? Rather a friendly one, perhaps. For now he was forewarned—consequently forearmed.

Now, he would not make the humiliating blunder of offering heart and hand to a woman whose preference for another was profound and absolute. But—ought he not to find out from David himself. He looked up, caught his friend's eye.

"Out with it!" Anslie cried.

"It seems to me that—that you are a good deal with Miss Darrow. I wonder if you know that?"

There he stopped. It isn't easy to tell a rival the thing that he was trying to tell David Anslie.

"Well?" Young Taylor knew when David spoke like that he was listening intently and critically.

"That she has an immense preference for your society, Dave. That's all."

"No, I didn't know that." Dave returned in his gentle way. "I think you're mistaken. She likes me."

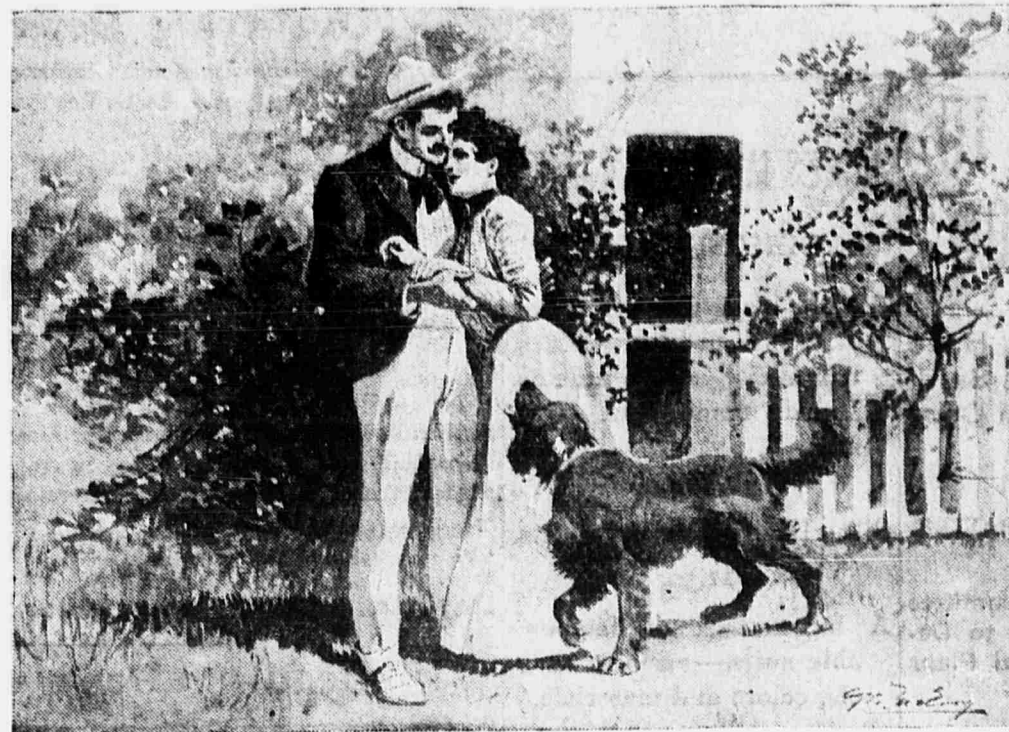
yes, I've known her since she was a child. But as to what you infer—that's nonsense!"

Young Taylor wheeled around, his hands behind his back, his shoulders squared against the mantel. He looked pale and aged.

"It hasn't been an easy thing for me to tell you the billows of self-accusation Taylor floundered there in with a certain sense of satisfaction. "She does, David—and—"

Here he turned, put his head down on the mantel. "I wish I were dead!" was the rash conclusion, one which being mandible, did not reach Anslie.

THE RECONCILIATION.



"WHY DID YOU NOT COME TO SEE ME FOR TWO WHOLE WEEKS?"

this," he said in a smothered voice, "but it's true! I have the best of reasons for knowing!"

Anslie regarded him gravely. "Dear boy," he said, "you've slipped a cog somewhere! She's the dearest girl. But she doesn't care for me—that way!"

"I happen to know differently." Once plunged in

it was a bewildered individual who took Dorothy Darrow to the final edition of the Hathaway Club. A glorious night, without an entraining night within! But Anslie missed one lofty young form, missed one princely, debonaire young face. It was a night of early summer, and through the open windows came

tender wafts of fragrance from

"The city's great gardens asleep in the dew!"

It was not until the gay groups were breaking up, not until he was wrapping around the fairest girl of the dance her opera cloak of violet velvet that he seemed to come back to the every-day world.

"It will be just a country frolic. Our country house will not be formally opened for several weeks. But I've been thinking it would be fun for a party of us to go out while still the carpets are up and the curtains down. We could send word ahead, and have a caterer advised as to the night. Papa insists I shall go with him this summer. So we shall miss our regular summer at Osmondov. Will you ask the others—I think your list is mine. And ask Mr. Taylor to come—if he will!"

"It would be a gay jaunt!" he responded cordially. "And—I'll ask Clifford—yes. Two weeks ago from tonight you suggest—very well. Here's our carriage."

"Why," she asked, looking at him with her honest eyes, "did not Mr. Taylor come to-night? Last evening he—"

"She looked at the programme in her hand, and left the sentence unfinished.

"I don't know. He came home out of sorts. He has had a great deal of responsibility on his shoulders lately. This afternoon he went to the matinee."

"At which theatre?"

"I don't know. I'll talk to him about the impromptu dance, and—Dorothy!"

"Well?"

"You like me, don't you?"

"Why, I love you, David!"

"The reply was too frank to be complimentary. "But I mean—you don't care for me like—as if—in the way—"

"—oh, Dorothy?"

Dorothy's musical laugh drifted brokenly forth.

"Why—not? Of course not—you dear old David! You never supposed I did—did you?"

"Never!" returned David.

Then he was handing her out at the door of her home, and wondering if he had really been proposing to Dorothy—little Dorothy Darrow!

"It's all that boy's fault!" he told himself indignantly. "Wait until I pay him!"

He paid him by waking him out of his sound sleep—

which was no sleep at all.

"You young scoundrel!" he said, "what did you mean by sending me to propose to a girl who laughed at me?"

"Did she?" Taylor's blue eyes were ecstatic and very wide awake indeed. "Did she really?"

"That's it!" growled David. "She wants you to come to a blowout at their country house two weeks from to-night. It's to be an informal dance, before the place is put in its annual trim. A frolic is on there before she and her father go to Europe!"

"Europe! Then she is going to leave!"—

"Leave home?"

Taylor turned over on his pillow. "Never mind!" he said.

He kept away from Dorothy during two weeks that followed. He went out on the train with the others of their set the night of the dance. Carriages were waiting. Through the purple April dusk the young city folk were driven through winding ways, between tall hedges breaking into leaf, to the old house crowning the crest of a grassy expanse. Every window flashed light—every portal screamed challenge. Within were bare floors, and a lack of chairs. But the city band played bravely, jingling and maracas gleamed in pale profusion from every corner, and the supper table was a thing to marvel at in its white glitter, its gastronomic temptations.

Everywhere flitted the young hostess—a slender, gleaming shape. To Anslie she gave a quadrille; to Taylor a perfunctory polka. But at dawn he came on her standing at the great door—in the dim roveliness of early sunrise.

"You—up, also?" She sent a glance toward the shuttered windows overhead. "I never can sleep after a dance. It gets into one's blood, like hydrophobia. I always run for the boat—you don't know what an oarsman I am, or else have a romp in the kennels. Which shall it be?"

"The kennels."

"Come out!" whisking her diaphanous skirts of blue and gold out of the attractions of the gravel. "I've been wanting ever since I got down to go and see David."

"David?" he said stupidly.

She nodded, looking up at him with undimmed and joyous eyes.

"Yes—he saved my life when I was a bit of a girl, you know. Pulled me up on his hand, and saved me from drowning until my nurse came. She dropped the bar before an outhouse—whistled. 'He will come to me!' she said."

He did come—a noble Newfoundland, bounding forward until his paws were on her shoulders and his great dewlaps brushing her cheek.

"Papa wants me to sell him—give him away—anything!" she explained. There—David!—down! But one hates to hurt the thing one loves!"

"Yes—I know!" muttered Clifford.

"You were saying—I beg your pardon. I thought you spoke."

David drew nearer. He wondered how many girls kept their rose-bloom and bright eyes at the unearthly hour of five o'clock in the morning!

"Dorothy," he burst forth, "let us go to Europe! We will find David here on our return. I've been aching to tell you, but there was a—misunderstanding. Don't you know—haven't you always known—Dorothy, Dorothy?"

"Why did you keep away then? Why did you not come to see me for two whole weeks? Why?"—The big eyes were brimful of tears.

"Because," he paused, then broke into a happy laugh, "I was jealous!"

"Jealous? Of whom?"

"Of David."

"Yes, I'll explain—some of these days. In the mean time, there—and there—and there!"

MILLIONAIRES AT THE CORONATION.

Millionaires will be plentiful in London during the coronation week.

Unfortunately they will be mostly American millionaires; hence the untraveled sightseer will find some difficulty in recognizing them, especially as Jonathan Midas, Esq., is an unassuming person sartorially speaking. If the issue some distinctive badge to be worn only by visiting Americans whose banking accounts totalled seven figures and upward the coronation crowds would gain something in picturesque interest, says the London Mail.

There is only one means by which the stranger can detect the American millionaire, and that is the luxurious style in which he lives and travels.

His steamship fare from New York to England for the coronation festivities is costing him anything from \$350 to \$3,000. One wealthy American who is interested in the electrification of London railways has spent close upon \$1,000 for the voyage. Even at these prices the London representatives of the principal steamship lines informed the writer that all the accommodation has been booked for the month of June.

On the Cunard liners Umbria and Etruria £10 is charged for a stateroom. Usually this apartment measures 10 feet by 8 feet, and the voyage lasts

about six days. Seventy pounds for a week's board and lodging! For the return trip £140 less 10 per cent. is the price of the room.

But this is a comparatively modest sum compared with the £120 required for a small suite of communicating apartments, less in size than the bachelor's flat procurable in London for £60 a year.

Higher still is the figure being paid for private suits on the Kronprinz Wilhelm of the Norddeutscher Lloyd. Two hundred and forty pounds is asked for a bedroom, dining-room and bathroom, all "communicating" with sliding doors.

But it is the Deutschland of the Hamburg-American line that reaches the high-water mark in the matter of charges for these private suites. For the three rooms £247 is being willingly paid. The millionaire in his stateroom fares no better than the ordinary first-class saloon passenger. He dines at the common table; but if he is a person of importance (apart from his dollars) the steward keeps a watchful eye on him and tries to secure him a place of honor at the table next to the captain.

Some of the American liners are being fitted with telephones for the convenience of passengers, so that when the latter want anything they have simply to ring up the ship's exchange and the steward immediately brings what is called for.

PADEREWSKI TELLS HOW.

If I were asked what quality is most necessary for the artist who wishes to accomplish anything I would not hesitate to say that of all qualities unselfishness is the most indispensable, says Ignace Jan Paderewski, in the Pittsburgh Gazette.

It is unselfishness which enables the artist to plot on all the daily preliminary steps that lead to the temple of art.

The true artist has no other aim and object in life than his art.

Art is to him everything that parents, country and sweethearts are to others.

His own personal wishes and wants disappear and vanish, and he feels not cold, nor heat, nor hunger, nor poverty, and gladly endures all kinds of hardships without complaining.

What matters it that his room is cold or bare, that his stomach is empty, when he feels within himself the power that forces him ahead and ahead, reaching all and everything else to nothingness?

The old Greeks used to speak of the holy fire of art in the breast of man, and no comparison could be more true or better explain the condition of the artist.

There is in the heart of every true artist an everlasting glow that inspires

him and warms him, and like the strong flame throws light on his path in life.

He knows nothing of the desires or longings that others feel.

He cares not for squalid money, nor for position, nor for unfriendly criticism, nor for a high position in life.

If critics condemn him, it matters not when his own heart and conscience tell him that he has been true to his ideals.

If he ever falls through the temptation of caring more for money than for his art, to think more of his individual wants, to lower himself or give up his independence to cater to bad public tastes, his punishment will swiftly follow, for the goddess of art is very exacting and wants all or nothing, and dissatisfaction, self-despise and regret will torture him.

I do not pretend to say that he does not feel gratified if he is appreciated and understood. He would not be human if he did not; but he must first of all satisfy the high standard of his own criticism, more severe than all others.

DAILY FASHION HINT.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

CHEAP FLOOR STAIN.

A cheap floor stain is made by dissolving two ounces of permanganate of potash in a gallon of water. Use hot water and stir with a stick, and your stain will soon be ready for use. Apply it with a painter's brush, using two coats of the stain. (N. B.—Do not leave your brush standing in the stain or it will destroy it.) Next day the floor may be varnished, or, better still, polished with beeswax and turpentine. After two or three polishings the floor will be in excellent condition.

CHICAGO'S DISPENSARIES.

Free medical dispensaries connected with the thirty medical schools of Chicago, together with the dispensaries conducted as charities, give aid to 105,328 patients every year at a total cost of \$4,229. Forming the greater part of this cost are 124,250 prescriptions at 20 cents each, and 120,000 visits, costing on an average of 10 cents each.

TO CLEAN MATTINGS.

Brighten and clean mattings by wiping them with a solution of salt and water, using a tablespoonful of salt to a quart of water.



To cut this seamless corset over in medium size 1 yard of material 36 inches wide will be required with 1 yard of heading and 5 yards of edging to trim, as illustrated.

The pattern (No. 4104, sizes 32 to 44 bust) will be sent for 10 cents.

Send money to "Cashier, The World, Publisher Building, New York City."

PECULIARITIES OF THE NEW SILK BLOUSES.



(Photographed by an Evening World photographer.)

THREE OF THE NEW SILK SHIRT WAISTS.

The newest silk blouses are tucked and smocked and accented plaited as never before. But the most notable difference between them and the blouses of a year ago is in the collar and cuffs.

The latter are almost twice as deep as formerly, but the collars must all match the waist. The separate collar is no more. In colors, the new waist is chiefly black and white. White with black embroidery is the most popular combination.

The sleeves are large, with an extending fulness where the lower edge is gathered into the cuff. There are no yokes at all on many of the waists, and on others the trimming is put on to simulate a yoke, but never with a suggestion of squareness. Every effect in the way of a yoke must be pointed, sometimes double pointed in front. The

belts are all crush girdles of velvet ribbon or silk, fastened in front with a buckle of moderate size.

A particularly dainty new model is of white tulle. It is made over a tulle lining, and this, by the way, is a new idea, the demand for a silk foundation. It fits better, the makers say, and even if it doubles the expense the result justifies it.

One very pretty collar is a cross between a collar and a yoke. It fits well down over the shoulder seam on either side, and in front there is a long point nearly four inches deep.

Below the collar the necessary fulness of the garment is laid in fine pin tucks, which are confined just beneath the bust by a band of the silk pointed to follow the lines of the collar above.

Both the collar and the band have either edge bordered with the new herringbone embroidery in black, with which is used the very popular embroidered French knot. The cuffs are decorated to match.

Another waist shown in the illustration is a variation from the prevailing rule of black and white. It is blue, a delicate pale blue crepe de chine, and it is very dressy. This particular little waist is made lovely with Irish lace. There is a yoke of the lace and a band of it which follows all the way down the side front. The blouse itself is embroidered all over in black lines. The collar, the lower cuff of the sleeves and the cuffs have bands of herringbone stitches.

A unique design is of white peau de

sole, pin tucked and trimmed with black velvet. The yoke is marked off with three parallel zigzag bands of the velvet ribbon, and these again are crossed by five black velvet bands from the shoulders.

Cut steel buttons ornament these bands, and from the end of each depends a tab of white lace. The collar has the velvet bands and steel buttons, as do also the cuffs of the sleeves.

The sleeves are plain except for the few pin tucks at the top edge. A belt of three black velvet bands over white silk carries out the general plan of decoration used elsewhere on the waist.

Strikingly stylish is a waist of white tulle, and from the end of each depends a tab of white lace. The collar has the velvet bands and steel buttons, as do also the cuffs of the sleeves.

The front plait has a whole row of the ruffles, and more of them appear on the collar and cuffs.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER REVEALS BEAUTY SECRETS.

Care of the Nails.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

Kindly print a formula for polishing and bleaching the nails; also is naphtha good for cleaning gloves? CLARA.

I give you a formula for a polishing powder and one for a nail bleach: Pumice stone finely powdered, 2 ounces; talcum powder, half ounce. Mix thoroughly and add enough pure carmine to make the pink shade desired. Sift through the bolting cloth. Add a little rose water for perfume.

Nail Bleach.—Violet talcum powder, half ounce; boracic acid (pulverized), half ounce; powdered starch, half ounce; tincture of carmine, 15 drops.

Naphtha is good for cleaning gloves. Be very careful not to use near fire or any artificial light except electricity.

Wants Kinky Hair.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

Please let me know what will develop the growth of the eyebrows. Also what will make my hair, which is now dark brown, a jet black, and also more kinky and thicker? JOSEPHINE F.

Curly hair is caused by the structure of the hair itself, which is either, as seen under the microscope, spiral in form or straight. A curling liquid will cause the hair to remain in curl, but there is no such thing as producing curly hair where nature has ordered it straight. The hair dye for which I give you formula will produce black color. Do not advise home-made dyes. I think you would do much better to go to a first-class establishment and have your hair dyed by some one who understands the process.

Hair Currier.—Take of gum arabic, one ounce; sugar, one ounce; pure hot water, three-quarters of a pint; dissolve. When this solution is cold, add alcohol two fluid ounces; bichloride of mercury and sal ammoniac, six grains each. The

last two should be dissolved in the alcohol before the admixture. Lastly, add enough water to make the whole measure one pint. Perfume with cologne of lavender water. Moisten the hair with the fluid before putting it in papers or pins. Keep away from ignorant persons and children. Use the eyebrow grower frequently advised in this column.

Pyrogallie Stain.—Take of pyrogallie acid 1-4 ounce, distilled water, hot, 1-2 ounces; dissolve, and when the solution has cooled gradually add of spirits of alcohol 1-2 ounce.

It may be a little stronger or weaker at will. Every shade of black, up to

brown, may be given by this stain, which is made darker or lighter by adding or withholding the water. Pyrogallie acid is made from Chinese nut salts.

What Causes Pallor?

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

What is good for me? For the last two years my complexion is very pallid and everybody I meet tells me I look as if I had just come from the grave. I feel all right, but would like to know what the trouble is. E. KERBS.

It is quite impossible at this distance

for me to tell you what the trouble is. It is apparently natural for some persons to be pallid. But of course a white or pallid face may also indicate serious disease.

If you are really in fairly good health and you probably need fresh air and physical exercise which you are not getting.

You should eat very simple food. Take at least one full bath every day.

Practice deep breathing; sleep in a well-ventilated room, and recollect that only by getting quantities of fresh air into your lungs can the blood be made to circulate properly, and only when the blood does circulate properly can you expect a very natural and healthy rose color in your cheeks.

For Granulated Eyelids.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I have got granulation in my eyelids. Can you tell me what would be good to wash them with and to cure them? W. G. Foughtkeeper, N. Y.

I think you should consult an oculist for your eyes. I give you a formula for granulated lids. This is an old-fashioned remedy and is, at least, entirely harmless.

Alum. Card.—Alum powder, eight drams; and white of one egg. Shake together in a glass container. Apply on linen and cover with muslin.

NEW BELTS THAT ARE MADE OF LEAVES.

Among the new belts of the season is a girle of leaves in velvet or leather which has been christened Eve's belt. It is a handsome, gorgeous affair, with gold and glittering gems scattered all over it in profusion.

I have got granulation in my eyelids. Can you tell me what would be good to wash them with and to cure them? W. G. Foughtkeeper, N. Y.

I think you should consult an oculist for your eyes. I give you a formula for granulated lids. This is an old-fashioned remedy and is, at least, entirely harmless.

Alum. Card.—Alum powder, eight drams; and white of one egg. Shake together in a glass container. Apply on linen and cover with muslin.

The leaves, which are large, are fastened on a foundation of leather and non-elastic web, and are attached in such a way that they hold their places with every movement of the body.

The velvet belts are the most elaborate. They come in ten different shades and the lower settings are in as great variety. There are a heavy gold clasp and buckle on each belt, as the illustrations show. The leather belts are in fifteen different shades, and there is a white belt that washes like celluloid. The belts range in price from 50 cents to \$2.50.

FRONT OF THE BELT.

BACK OF THE BELT.

CASTORIA